## A BARGEE'S SWEETHEART.

(Murray's.)

The 3:45 horse-ear, or tram, as they call it there, had just gone jingling down the white road to Swinton, which down the white road to Swinton, which ran at the bottom of the field lying in front of the Pendlebury Children's Hespital. A well-knit young fellow was walking up one of the little gravel paths that lead from the sweep of the carriage-drive between the square grass plots to the "patients' visitors' door," in the side of the long central corridor, one blazing September afternoon. His moleskin trousers and corduroy waistcost, made with sleeves and faced with | But I'm a lot better-I'm not drowned dark-brown velveteen, open below the top button, over a blue guernsey, made one at once feel sure that neither horses nor boats were totally unfa-miliar to him. And lastly, the seal-skin cap, which he took off and twirled in his great hands as he reached the door, would let any one who has ever welked on the towing-path of a canal into the secret of his apparently double

John Thrupp was a bargee, and a fine, strapping young fellow; an easy six feet in his blue worsted socks; deep in the chest, and without an ounce of superfluous fat anywhere.

If his brow was low, with the hair that fell over it coarse and tan-colored, t was broad and "stood upright," and the eyes under it were good, honest blue ones. The clean-shaved lips met firmly over two rows of strong, white teeth, in a jaw heavy, but not brutal. No one could call John Thrupp a lout, if he was a bargee; and though he stooped a little from the shoulders, it wasn't the outcome of a slouely nature in the man but simply sceause he could, and did if necessary drag by a rope over his shoulder a heavy lumbering barge that would puzzle many an upright guardsman to stir. So far from being a lout, John Thrupp had two, at least, of the indisstr. So far from being a lout, John
Thrupp had two, at least, of the indispensable attributes of a gentleman. He was a man of his word, and he had a love of cleanliness—inside and out.
That he paid his way—if only along the dazed, and didn't feel like at all. Don't way to Manchester as she had done this dazed, and didn't feel like at all. Don't way to Manchester as she had done this dazed, and didn't feel like at all. Don't way to Manchester as she had done this That he paid his way—if only along the towing path of a canal—and worked as hard as he had strength for, were, I think, two other very gentlemanly habits; but many folk may think that I am quite wrong about this, and as I want only to tell you a plain tale, we won't go into so disputed a subject any fur-Mind you, I do not believe that ther. Mind you, I do not believe that all bargees are honest or even clean—I don't indeed; but this particular bar-

He loved his cold plunge in the Broads at daylight, told the truth as an varyingly, and enjoyed a clean shave as keenly as any gentleman stroke in a

Well! This bargee turned a shade paler, in spite of his six feet and broad | great belpless brute. houlders, as he caught sight of the cted little forms in them in the wards on either side the path. He moistened is his and swallowed a little nervousorway that startled him by clanging oct over his head. A brisk voice said:
"Come in; come straight on"; and
long so, John found himself, after assing through a small receiving room tranching pavilion wards. The corridor looked interminable, and the shafts of sunlight, slanting through the high windows on the right, seemed to cut its

great length into diagonal strips.
Two doctors, in loose jackets and with bare heads, were standing at the far end talking; but their voices did not reach to where John stood, a little dezed and at a loss how to proceed. The same brisk voice, now close behind im, remarked:

like a blue-and-white china tile set up against a dark oak shelf. The nursefor it was a nurse—or at least a probationer (and not a tile) had a pencil and a card that hung over the bed, and book in her hands, and without looking

np went on rapidly:

"Who to see? How many? Only yourself? No infection of any sort at girl really."

"It's the short curly hair makes her look so young, else she's a fine grown girl really." Lone I hope; whom did you say?" glancing at last up at poor John's puzzled face, with her pencil ready to put a cross against the patient he should

ask for.

"A little gul; at least a young girl,"
said John. "Nancy Eattsen," adding
a little unsteadily, "she was hart—
here," touching his own broad chest.

"Hayward Ward—in the Special,"
rouled the purest gatting use.

replied the nurse, getting up and standing by John to point up the corrider. "Go straight up to the statue and turn into the glass doors to the left, under the lantern in the roof."

"Thank you, ma'am," said John, we does, and going as directed, and then turned hesitatingly to her and said: "How is drove here." she, Miss, please?

said she was "over on the other side, in Liebert," but that the sister in Hayward would tell him.
Foor John did not understand at all

what she meant, but he thanked her and walked up the corridor as directed lurching a little from side to side in his

Like all who are accustomed to life a a hospital, John thought every sound, even out there in the corridor must wake some poor soul. He looked at the two trim nurses who passed him higher up quite reproachfully for actually laughing and chattering so close to his poor little girl, who had been so into the first glass doors and found himself in a shorter corridor, with linen cupboards and a bright little ward kitchen on one side; in front a long vista of polished boards, rows of beds and white-covered to a long and give me your all. and white-covered table. The afternoon sun streamed in and touched the shining jugs and glass jars and bunches of flowers and the white-capped head of a nurse who was bending over the nearest table, on which a huge pewter inkstand literally glistened, it had been

so perseveringly burnished. The closed door on his left opened, and the Sister, a tall, thin woman, in a dark-green serge gown, and a variation of the prevailing white cap on her white hair, came out, saying to the unseen occupant of the little eight-sided room within, "I don't think there is any one coming to see you, dear. It is nearly 4 when the visitors go-unless," she

said, facing John, "this is your brother. Have you come to see Namey Eattsen, young man?" she added.
"Yes, ma'm," said John; and the Sister stood on one side and pushed open the door and said: "Here's this brother of ours at last." She turned to John and added, "It is just as well you didn't come earlier. She mustu't talk much nor move. You talk to her," and stepped swiftly across the slate-payed passage toward the ward; but paved passage toward the ward; but paused as John, who stood in the door-way looking at the little dark head on pillow in an agony of awkwardness,

"She-Nancy, isn't my sister, ma'am.
She's naught to me. At least she's
my-sweetheart. I had to come, as
her father had to go on with the after a moment said :

"Very well," said the sister smiling

"Yery well," said the size and disappearing.
"Sweethearts" were rare visitors, as this was a children's hospital.

Nancy was really two and a half years over the age limit.

John creaked carefully across the floor and sat down on the chair beside Nancy's hed and said:

"Well, Mancy," in a roles so backy

one might have thought he was a man of feeling, and not "only a bargee!" "Well, John," said the black-eyed little creature, whose dark curly head lay still on the pillow, though she put a rough little boy's hand into John's great fist. John noticed she had her yellow beads round her throat still, though she was wearing a washed-out

blue-flannel jacket belonging to the ward, which struck him strangely. "Don't move your arms, Nancy "Don't move your arms, Nancy dear," he said, speaking in almost a whisper, and not daring to clasp the hand laid in his. "Are you better?"

Nancy smiled up at him, still not oving, but pressing his hand a little,

"You be frightened of me, John! now, you silly!"

John smiled a little, for the first time since he had looked at her, and said:
"Yes, I be frightened at you! You look so delicate, and such a little thing; and I don't seem to know you, lying abed like that."

"I don't he abed much on the boat, do 1?" said Nancy, the flush, which his coming had caused, fading and leaving the little brown face suddenly.
"How's father, John?" "He's gone on with the boat. It had

to go, you know, so far as Bolton. He's coming on Wednesday to see yer—back by train-if you ain't out o' this by then, Nancy."
"Nay, I shan't be out," said Nancy,

her eyes filling. "The lady—the Sister, I mean—says I'll have to lay still a good bit because of my ribs. Did you know, John, when you pulled me o' water, that the boat had gone agen me and squeezed meagen the bridge before I went under?"

John nodded, and putting his left hand over hers lying in his right, said

"Did it hurt very bad, Naney dear?" and then, breaking down altogether, poor John knelt by the bed and laid his head on the iron at the top of the bed and sobbed like a child.

cry, John. I be a lot better, and it don't hurt now. I can't bear to have you cry," and the poor child's voice got rough, and great tears rolled over got rough, and great tears rolled over her checks, and she moved her hand to pull John's head down close to her, as she called it, for her father;

sobbed helplessly over his little crushed playfellow, and then when she said, You mustn't, John; the lady can se through that little window, and she'll make yer go," he kissed the hand he was holding and sat back in the chair and looked pitifully at her, feeling a

"John," said Nancy, shyly, after a moment, "what made you say I was your sweetheart, when I ain't?" "You are, Nancy; I didn't know it myself till I come to tell the Lidy you was naught to me, and then I knowed you were everything and all I've got to care for. When you come out of this

you'll be my sweetwheart, won't you, Naney! Nancy smiled with the tears hardly a the long slate-paved corridor, with day and said, "It did sound strange to distiffy pale windows and double sets hear you say out like that, 'She's my at glass doors opening into the long sweetheart!' But I think I be," she said after a moment, looking roguishly up at John, who leaned over and kissed

> "Come home soon, Nancy," he said, and I'll take better care of you. You shan't jump off the barge agen, nor get drawned no more."
> The door opened to admit a doctor

and the Sister. John stood up and touched his forchead to the doctor, who like a "common trooper." nodded, and said : "Your sister's over the age, my man :

white-aproned figure, in a high white cap, sitting on a polished bench against the dark wall—looking for all the world we must get her well. How old are you?" he added to the girl.

"I'm sixteen and eight months, sir."

"I'm sixteen and eight months, sir."

"I'm sixteen and eight months, sir." "Dear me, she don't look it, does

she, Sister :

adding the age to it." "It's the short curly hair makes her

"How came she to be brought here?" said the Doctor, holding Nancy's wrist, and putting one foot up on the chair by the bed, resting his watch on his knee. He addressed John,

but kept his eyes on Nancy's face, which was paling and flushing by turns. "I was carrying her in myarms after we got her out, sir, and her father says to the policeman: 'Where ought we take my little girl; she's been nearly drowned and hurt?' 'Little girl?' says the policeman, 'take her to Gart-side street, the Children's Hospital, out patients' room, you know,' and so we does, and there was a van there, and they told us to get in, and we was

he, Miss, please?"

Ent the nurse did not know. She drove here.

"Oh, I see," said the Doctor, laying down the hand he held and patting up

"So they took you for a real 'little girl, mstead of a big little girl. I dure say, Sister, you and C. (mentioning the other surgeon) were only too delighted to get a good case into your Special and forget to ask the age! Any rise of anxiety to prevent his great nailed temperature?" glancing at the chart boots making such an embarrassing over the bed.

"No," said the Sister.
"Take her food well? Let's see, milk only, isn't it? Like it?" Nancy nodded. "Yes," said the Sister again, "and

she sleeps well now."
"Oh! well she's doing very well," and turning to John the Doctor said those, to him, routine words, but which lifted a load off the poor fellow's heart:

cast evelids.
"Oh, ho!" said the Doctor, glancing sharply from one to the other. "Then most certainly it's time you went. You're far too interesting a visitor for our patient." But being a man of quick sympathy, and although he was a doctor and "man of science," having a sweetheart of his own, he called the Sister outside the door as he left to give the young things a moment to themselves while he impressed upon her that Nancy must on no account at-

tempt to move.
"We shall have some mischief with that broken rib unless we look out; but so far she's doing splendidly." John caught the last words, as he,

too, came out, and how they altered the look of things for him! When he had entered that room he dreaded to look at his poor-as thought—dying playmate. Now! He straightened himself up and smiled back at Nancy, who kissed her hand to him in the doorway. Nancy, who was really getting well and would soon be really getting well and would soon be coming out all right. And she was no longer his playmate, but was his little sweetheart, and they had kissed each other.

This bargee looked a different mun, as he stepped briskly down the corridor behind the Doctor, feeling inclined to join in the whistling of "My love is young and fair," in which the young house surgeon was indulging.

The nurse said "Yes," and took off his cap with quite a gallant smile, as he said, before the nurse spoke this time:

"To see Nancy Battsen," and quite proud of his knowledge, added, 'in Hayward Special, 'ain't it? Only my-self, please, Miss."

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nouse surgeon was indulging.

When he was going out into the glare When he was going out into the giare of the sunshine on the gravel, after giving the particulars about Nancy's father and his profession, John looked straight at the Doctor, standing bareheaded on the steps, and said:

"I'll be very grateful to you, sir, if you'll cure her"; and added by a sudden inspiration, "she's all I've got to love, and I'll do anything for you if you'll

barge of my own next spring, and I'll take better care of her after this." "Oh! so Miss Nancy is to be Mrs. John Thrupp, is she?" laughed the

Doctor.

Thrupp !

"Yes, she is, sir," returned John. langhing, too, out of the joy and relief at his heart. As he ran down the road to catch the train that came jingling up the clatter of the horses' hoofs and the bells on the harness seemed to repeat the Doctor's capital suggestion, "Mrs. John

The next visiting day, Sunday, John Thrupp was again going from Manches-ter to Pendlebury, on the top of the tram, to see Nancy. He was earlier this time. The clock of Pendleton church struck 3 as they passed. He reremembed that, as he passed it again going back. There was no one on the each that side of the car, and John leaned back with both arms over the seat and his hat tilted back off his forehead, enjoying the sunshine and easy swinging progress of the car. It was like the gliding of his barge, but emphasized by the regular trot, trot of the horses. As the road grew pretty and tree-shaded after the change horses at Pendleton his thought went back to the long summer after-noons he and Nancy had so often spent together leaning over the side of her father's barge as they slipped slowly through the water below, which was painted with little dabs of blue and reand yellow reflections of the gorgeous Windsor Castle that decorated barge stern and in return threw little curls and flashes of light over the ideally-green lawns and woods of the picture He and old Battsen, his cousin, were

partners in this barge—the "Get Away"—and lived on board. Nancy lived on shore with her widowed sister, in one of the many little red-brick cottages that cluster along the various "cuts" of the canalsall over England. They generally plied backward and forward on the Grant Junction Canal, pecling the potatoes and washing up the mugs in the gaily-painted tin basins, and keeping the little cabin as neat as a man-o'-warsman. Some times she donned her great check sunbonnet, and with a little red-and-black plaid shawl pinned across her bosom, and a clean white apron—the outdoor, full-dress costume of a tidy barge lassshe steered or walked along the path behind "Old Soldier," the steady, powcrful old gray, who patiently tru along in all weathers, dragging the capacious monkey-boat with its varying leads. He didn't need guiding, not even in the locks into which he drew the barge, and then stood, slowly munching out of his nose bucket, which Nancy kept like silver, till be heard old Eattsen's epigrammatic but comprelensive order-"G' up Sodger."

Then on he went again, gradually drawing the slack rope out of the water, dripping, and whipping the surface till it finally stretched out tout, and the barge slowly glided out of the lock. He knew exactly what to do without Nancy's "Now then, my Gencral!" "Quick march, Cap'en!" or "Halt, Soldier!" She used to declare that he minded being called "Soldier" more than a flick with a short handled whip. He had been an officer's horse, and was offended at being spoken to

John smiled as he remembered how Nancy's laugh and the pat she gave "Soldier" with her little wet band "Well? and paused. She ought to have been taken to the in-John turned, and sawa blue-gowned, firmary, but as we have taken her in, were just coming out of the lock below bered as he jumped on board, after working the lock-gates, just as she said it, the splash with which one of the queer-shaped, white and steely flints, isplaced by his foot, went into the

The sunny picture his slow fancy had called up was suddenly followed by the remembrance of that other cold drizzling evening a week ago, when it was Nancy who jumped lightly from the barge to the path, as they went under the bridge at Salford. John sat up suddenly, and for a moment felt sick and cold as he heard again the splash and quick little frightened cry with which Nancy disappeared in the water, black, in the thick shadow of that hideons arch. She had taken the jump scores of times, but this time she just missed the bricked edge of the jath, and before her father, who was at be helm, could get at her, she went

John, who was several yards ahead with the horse, saw her rise again be-tween the slowly-approaching barge and the brick path, to which she clang; Lat before he could reach her and draw her out of the water a spasm of anguish on the girl's pale face and one long choked scream told him that the reat lumbering barge had passed just ne inch too near the edge, and had rushed, as it passed, the slight form, "Oh, good God!" muttered John, and drew in his breath sharply through is teeth. Even now it was all over nd Nancy getting better, he couldn't hink of it without shuddering.

How he dived under the barge and lrew out the now inanimate little body and lifted it to the many hands er father, white and shaking with orror, took their silent, lifeless burden to Gartside street he did not

learly remember. He remembered the policeman's face clearly-a pale face, scowing blue where the chin was shaved; and he remembered, too, that Nancy's curls dripped onto the back of his hand in ambulance-carriage as she lav wrapped in blankets across her father's But after his own plunge into the water everything seemed confused, and the things done and said were like the unreal acts and words of a horrible

"But she's all right now," said John to himself, "and when she's Mrs. John Thrupp she shan't run any more risks," and he gave himself a shake to pull himself together before he got off the train when it stopped on the white road below the hospital.

He joined the group of mothers and fathers and friends, each with their bundles of clothes, eggs, and flowers for the patients, going in twos and threes up the slope. Some, as he had done last week, were going for the first time, and looked about tuem curiously, but our bargee strode on quickly, smelling the huge bunch of stocks and wall-flowers and mignonette he was taking Nancy. He knew his way, and nodded to the man at the lodge as if he

were an old friend.

still.
"Oh!—yes," said the nurse. "Mr.
Thrupp, wait a moment, please."
John stood on one side, wondering
what she wanted with him, and watched what she wanted with and, and was she her send a cabman and his wife, who asked for "Johnny Maloney—a baby," to "North Ward." John wondered fally what was the matter with "Johnny

get her well, sir. I'm going to have a | Marney," as the anxious parents called

When they turned and went off to the right John looked after them, and did not notice the momentary hesitation and glance of pity the little blue-and-white nurse cast on him as she laid her book on the bench, and got up and

"Will you come this way, Mr. Thrupp?"
"Has she been moved out of there?" said John, following, as they came op-posite the Hayward doors, "The Doctor wants to speak to you,"

replied the nurse, without answering him, and opened the door of the room into which the Doctor had taken him last time. The Doctor was sitting the other side

of a square, green leather table, and looked up absently from his writing; and then, as John said cheerily, "Good day, sir," he seemed suddenly to recognize the young fellow. A worried look came into his face, and he said: "Oh, it's you; wait a mome

and getting up quickly he followed the nurse out of the room, turning to add as he closed the door: "Sit down; I'll be back in a moment."

John sat down a little puzzled, but not a shade of anxiety or fear that his Narray was were crossed his mind. Nancy was worse crossed his mind. He had made up his mind she was nearly well by now, and pictured her

sitting up now perhaps in a long arm-chair he had seen in the Special. The door opened again, and the Doctor came in, looking very grave indeed, and, shutting the door, stood with his back

to it and said:
"Mr. Thrupp, I am very much distressed to find you have not had the message I sent to Gartside-street last night. I quite thought you had it." "What message, sir?" said John, suddenly frightened at the Doctor's grave tone. "I didn't think to go and ask for no message—she was getting

better. She ain't no worse, is she, sir ! She ain't bad agen, is she, Doctor?"
"My poor fellow," said the Doctor, his own face paling a little, "I wish you had gone to inquire. She got much worse yesterday afternoon. Be-fore we wired she tried to sit up, poor child, and hemorrhage, internal hem-

orrhage, set in. And he hesitated again, and looked pityingly at poor John, and again went

on hurriedly:
"We thought you'd get the wire and be prepared. She sank rapidly. There was no pain, but we could do nothing. She died about midnight."

John sat on very still, with his cap in hands between his knees, staring at the Dector, who laid his hand tenderly on his shoulder, and was saying something else, but he didn't hear what. The whole room, the whole world, seemed throbbing with those few words—"she died about midnight."

Half an hour after John Thrupp, bargee, was slowly walking back to Manchester with a little parcel of girl's garments under his arm and a string of yellow beads clasped tight in his great right hand, seeing only the white face of his dead sweetheart painted against the cruel, pitiless streets and hurrying crewds of Manchester. "And she was better o' Wednes-

day!" he was muttering half aloud.
'She was better o' Wednesday." That night John and old Battsen

were sitting one on each of the bunks of the little cabin of the "Get Away," with an oil lamp between them. The old man was crying bitterly for his dead little girl, reiterating how "he'd ha' gone to see her if you'd not a said she were better." John sat still in dumb misery after telling the old man all there was to tell, and they had spoker, too, about the funeral.

"Ye see, it's worse for me nor for you," said poor old Battsen, seldsh as we all often are in our sorrow. "She was my only little 'un, and beyond sort o' cousin she weren't naught to you."
"No," said John, putting Nancy's yellow beads away in his breast-pocket; "she weren't nothing to me, but she were going to be. She were going to be Mrs. John Thrupp-some day-poor lass!

AS GOOD AS ELECTED.

Elihu E. Jackson, Nominated for Governor by the Maryland

Democratic Convention. Elihu E. Jackson, nominated by the party dominating in his State, will un-doubtedly be the next Governor of Maryland. The term of Henry Lloyd,



January 5th next, and election-day will be November 8th. Maryland gives its Governor a term of four years, and pays him an annual salary of forty-five

undred dollars.
The nominee for the office, of whom we present a portrait, lives in Wicomico county. He is a native of the county in which he resides, and was born some-what less than fifty years ago. Early in life healternately worked on a farm and improved such opportunities of educa-tional improvement as he could find. He was a school-teacher during the first years of his life after he had abandoned the pursuit of agriculture. Commercial pursuits next engaged his atmercial pursuits next engaged his at-tention. In time he developed from the successful keeper of a country store to the lumber merchant. In this occupa-tion he has acquired wealth and a distinguished social position. The Gov-ernor-to-be of Maryland is a man high-ly respected where he is known. His nomination gives him great prominence as an estimable citizen to be honored with so important a public trust as that of the governorship of an old and historic Commonwealth.

A Rondont (N. Y.) special says: For two weeks deck-hands on river craft

say they have seen a huge white shark in the waters of the Hudson between Haverstraw and Catskill. This fore-noon men on an Albany towboat shot three times at the strange creature near Castleton, and succeeded in wounding it once. Later in the day the crew and the pas-sengers on the steam-yacht Gleneric, on its trip from Glasco to Rondout, saw the shark at East Kingston. For some time it swam ahead of the GleGETTING PEARLS.

THE PRINCE PEARL PISHERIES IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

An Interesting Description of How Solidified Dew Drops are Obtained-An Important Industry.

Says a Paris letter to the Boston Herald:

Herald:

The other day I had quite an interesting conversation with M. Bouchon-Brandely, who was sent out to Oceanica by the Government to study what is the best means of preventing the exhaustion of the beds of pearl-bearing oysters in the French possessions. His opinion now is that these oysters can be cultivated in parks and by artificial fecundation by the same system that fecundation by the same system that is row applied to the edible bivalves. The pearl and mother-of-pearl bearing oysters are also unisexual, and they can be replenished artificially in water from

liancy, on their color, on their form, on their weight, and on their dimen-

on their weight, and on their dimen-sions. There are white, gray, black, lilac, pink, blue, and yellow pearls. As to form, they are called "bar-roques," or irregular shaped; "pears," or pyriformed; "buttons," or flattened at one end, and "virgins," or para-gons, the perfectly round and most highly esteemed of all. Few intrinsic things have a market value more variathings have a market value more varia-ble than do pearls, as the price de-pends largely on fashion and the prevailing taste of the day. When pearls are small and ordinary pearls are small and ordinary in other particulars they are sold by the trade by weight; but if they are of unusual size and beauty, then they are sold separately, according to their estimated value. France owns, in the archipelago of the Pacific Ocean, the greatest pearl-fishing grounds that exist in the world, there being only eight islands out of the eighty which compose the group on which the pearl-bearing oysters do not exist. Nevertheless, these fisheries are very far from yielding the revenue which England gets out of her Indian possessions. Not only are the French islands less productive, but an entirely different sys tem is observed. England either works hers herself or farms them out at a heavy rental, while France permits anybody to fish for pearls, and makes no attempt to collect tolls or other charges. The Tuamota group of islands have only been a French pos-session since 1880, and perhaps the home government has not yet had time to study the question and regulate it properly. As the islands already yield more than 600 tons of mother of pearl annually, it is assumed, judging by similar fisheries elsewhere, that the pearls found each year ought to be worth at least \$120,000, whereas the estimated production is only about \$50,000. The beds have been so badly worked that it is, indeed, rare to find in them, in any large quantities, such magnificent pearls as those with which Queen Pomare used to adorn her royal person, and which, by the way, was often not adorned with anything eise in the shape of covering. Most of the pearls now found at Tabiti go to England, Ger-many, and the United States, to the detriment of French jewellers, who employ by far the largest number of fine pearis that are sold in the Eu-ropean markets, the importation alone in this country in 1884 being over 94,000

grammes. Natives of the French islands have no industry that I aware of other than that of diving for pearls and hacre, and they are said to show remarkable skill in their calling. All of them—nen, women, and children—swim like fishes, and they have acquired the faculty of remaining several minutes under water. There are three women who are famous throughout the archipelago as pearl-divers. They will go down to the bottom in twenty-five fathoms of water and remain under a long as three minutes before coming to the surface again. The pursuit is very dangerous by

reason of sharks, which swarm there

abouts. Divers generally rely on their skill and agility as swimmers to escape them, but when unable to do so, they do not hesitate to fight, although the conflict is unequal, and they rarely escape serious mutilation. M. Bouchon Brandely told me of a woman whom he saw who had lost an arm and one of her breasts in just such an en-counter only a fortnight before his de-parture. When these accidents happen panic seizes the divers, and work s suspended during several days. Not only is the diving dangerous on this account, but it is also one of the everest trades which mankind follows. At the opening of the season divers are forced to take precautions of all orts, the first and most important be ing not to go down too often during the same day. A neglect of this rule pro-duces hemorrhages and congestion of the lungs; but as he gets more and more used to the work he can dive as ften as he likes without any immediate vil results, though, if the occupation s followed for too many years, it is apt to cause paralysis. Very few natives follow the business on their own account. Most of them are in the impley of contractors, who pay wages of five francs per day, and wages of five francs per day, and not infrequently cheat the poor fellows strageously. Diving begins at day-treak. Eefore commencing the males and females gather into one of the oats, and the oldest or most-respected erson in the boat says a prayer, in which all the others join fervently. This done, they row to the fishinground-I mean diving-water-where heir preparations do not last long the only dress of the natives is a gar ment called a "parco," and the only implement used is a telescope with which to examine the sea bottom. This telescope is composed of four boards, each eighteen to twenty inches long and ten to twelve inches wide, which are nailed together so as to form a chamber, one end of which is covered with a piece of ordinary glass. This end is placed on the surface of the water, in order to offace the ripples, and as the lagoons of the archipelago are of wonderful limpidity and transarency, this rude apparatus enables them to see the oysters at agreat depth. My French friend tells me that the divers of the Pacific Ocean are far more skilful and expert than are the

Indians employed in the Persian gulf and at Ceylon. These latter facilitate their descent by means of a weight of twenty-five or thirty-five pounds fastened to their feet, and carry seven or eight pounds of ballast around their waists; they stuff cotton soaked in oil into their ears and tie a bandage over their eyes. Then they dive to the bottom in forty feet of water, remain under fifty-five to ninety seconds, and aid themselves to

ninety seconds, and aid themselves to rise by means of a rope. Natives of Oceanica observe none of these precautions. Before diving they inflate their lungs to the utmost, first filling and emptying them several times in quick succession, then they take a good long breath, go down entirely naked, quickly get hold of the largest oysters they can find, and then rise to the surface with incredible rapidity. As a rule they some time it swam ahead of the Glenerie, and then hove to within a few fect of the port side of the boat. The people on board had an excellent opportunity of measuring it by sight, and they report it as being fully twenty feet in length. A passenger said there was no doubt it was a white shark and of the man-eating variety. The crew of the Glenerie had no harpoon or any firearm on board. All boatmen are on the lookout for the shark, and its cap that a only a question of time,

handles, and who, with this assistance in the work, make a profitable thing of their diving trips. They believe that their armor frightens off dangerous fishes, Frank Stockton's receipt, "black stockings for sharks," not yet having some to their knowledge.

A civer's first precaution when he get down is to squeeze together the lips of the shell tightly lest the oyster, on ficling itself torn away from the rock, should open its bivalve and by the spasmodic movement of its organs expel the pearl which it may chance to contain, for it is all a matter of chance whether the shell has pearls inside of it or not, there being no exterior signs whatever to indicate the presence of precious gems. It is true that divers have certain rules by which they are guided in making their pick while at the bottom of the sea, preferring oysters the shells of which present certain peculiarities as to size, shape, and color; but M. Eouchon-Brandely says that, as far as his experience went, it was only occasionally that these outward indications were verified. After the people have finished their day's diving they open the oysters that they have collected, handling for that purpose a large knife with great dexterity. Each shell and its contents are carefully examined, so that no pearl, however small it may be, shall be lost. The employers are always present during the operation, for, though the natives are an arked as on the day when they were born, they some times have a trick of swallowing pearls. I wonder if it ever occurred in the day when they were born, they some times have a trick of swallowing pearls. I wonder if it ever occurred in everywhere. Curicus, the great many pearls and the same and the contents are carefully examined, so that no pearl, however small it may be, shall be lost. The employers are always present during the operation, for, though the natives are an arked as on the day when they were born, they some times have a trick of swallowing pearls. I wonder if it ever occurred for, though the natives are as naked as on the day when they were born, they sometimes have a trick of swallowing pearls. I wonder if it ever occurred to any of my fair readers who string precious dewdrops about their levely necks by the scores that perchance their gems may have passed through the interior of a human being before performing a similar journey through

the Boston custom-house.

The shell belongs to the divers, who bury them in damp sand, so that there may be no loss of weight in the drying before being sold. The price mother-of-pearl is constantly increasing. This is not what bears will tell you, but this is not what cears wint ten you, but it is true. Twelve years ago the price was from six to twelve cents a kilogramme: now the same sort is worth from thirty-five cents to half a dollar. Diving is carried on all the year round. but November, December, January, and February are the principal months, that being the season when, in that

latitude, the water is at its warmest temperature.

Like edible oysters, the pearl-kind has numerous enemies. The worst are certain species of fish, one of which can with its mouth crush the largest shell as with its mouth crush the largest shelf as I would an almond. There are also several sorts of worms that bore into the shells, and sometimes the mother of pearl is as full of galleries as any old worm-caten stick of timber. There is also a little sponge parasite that produces similar damage, and even common crabs will attack the oys:ers and eat them out of their shells while the latter are still too young and weak to crush their powerful mandib Then there is a species of crab which deliberately takes up its residence inide the shell and lives at the expense of the oyster.

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his residence in New York city when Frank was about seven years old. The artist received an education intended to prepare him for a business career, but his tastes were opposed to the plan, and he was wisely left to make his own choice of an occupation. Not long after this he was a student in the Art School of the National Academy of



the development of his bent at the l'alctte Club. His name appears, more over, as that of one of the earliest members of the Art Students' League. Under the eminent Walter Shirlaw he made rapid progress in his art. When he ventured to exhibit his productions they were conspicuous for their merit, and his work is now regarded as a leading expression of the remarkable and admirable progress which Americans are making in matters of art, particularly in their industrial application, as in printing.

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